

K. 17th. 1700

MISCELLANEOUS
Poetical NOVELS
OR
TALES,

RELATING
Many pleasing and instructive Instances
OF

WIT and GALLANTRY
IN BOTH

SEXES:

Suited to the *Belle-Humeur* of the present Age.

The Second Collection.

Adorn'd with Sculptures.



LONDON; Printed for John Nutt, near
Stationers-Hall. MDCCV.

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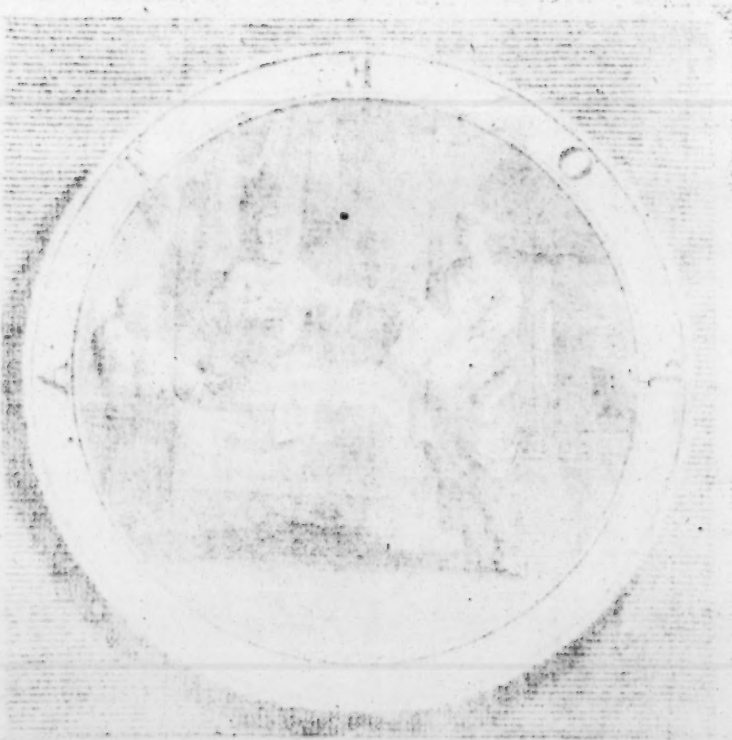
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Printed for John Aylmer, near
St. James's Hall, MDCCCV.



*The UNEQUAL MARRIAGE, or
the CALENDAR of FASTS.*



FT have I deeply, and with
Wonder, thought;
Why that, whereby the Peace of
Life is wrought;
And makes the Comfort of the
Marriage-Bed;
On those Occasions we so little
heed.

The Parent's Wishes are on Riches plac'd:
By which all other Thoughts are quite defac'd.
Thus, by a blind and avaricious Rage,
Young tender Girls are sacrific'd to Age.
In other things; they like, to like, will joyn.
As in their Dogs, their Horses, and their Kine.
For else; with what ridiculous Reproach,
Would ill-match'd Horses draw the hooted Coach?

10

B

How

How could they prosper at a hunting Match ;
 Or the swift Race triumphantly dispatch ?
 Nor could the rural Culture well proceed ;
 If Ploughs were drawn by an unequal Breed,
 How should the Marriage Culture ever thrive ;
 If Men so ill consider, when they Wive ?
 A Matter of the most important Weight,
 When well concerted, is the Marriage-State.
 But if unequally and vainly done ;
 All things to Ruin and Confusion run.

20

Richard of Quinzica was, in his time,
 A Man of Learning and a Wit sublime ;
 Had great and fair Possessions of his own ;
 And was in Wealth and Honour fear'd and known.
 He many a Feast to his young Wife did preach ;
 And many a Fast, and many a Vigil teach.
 Thinking to save the Duty of the Bed ;
 By these Evasions of his sickly Head.

30

This *Richard* was a grave *Italian* Judge ;
 Who mightily in Law did sweat and drudge :
 And in rich *Pisa's* fair and ancient Town,
 Attain'd the best Preferments of the Gown.
 But whose Grey Heirs, in his decline of Life,
 Should have instructed him to take a Wife
 (Since wed he must) more suited to his Age :
 Not weakly bring himself upon the Stage.
 But, to his Shame, he took another Course :
 So bad, he scarcely could have chose a worse.
 Thro' all the blooming Beauties of the Town,
 As well he might, for Wealth and for Renown,
 He sought to find a young and charming Wife,
 With whom to pass in Joy his weak Remains of Life.

40

The

The sweet *Bartholomé de Galandi*,
At last was pickt out of the tender Fry,
To be thus highly conjugally blest :
Hating her Lot ; yet envy'd of the rest.
The Bride was tender, beautiful and young ;
Well born, well bred : her Kindred were a throng 30
Of Citizens most Eminent and Great,
Noble and Rich within the *Pisan* State.
So beautiful, so young, so nobly born,
At the unequal Match rais'd greater Scorn.
But with a Wife so very young and fair,
By general Vogue, he could not miss an Heir.
Counsel to others many gravely give ;
Yet nothing of their own Affairs perceive.
Our *Quinzica* begins at last to see,
He could not feed his Bird young *Bartholmé*. 60
To excuse himself, and to contain the Fair,
He ransacks carefully his Calendar ;
Considers well each Vigil, Feast and Fast ;
At what time they commence, how long they last :
And tells her ; it becomes all Christian Folk,
Submissively to bear the Church's Yoke ;
And not like Brutes to wanton, upon Days
Are set apart for Discipline or Praise.
At his account, which most exact he knew,
A Wife could very seldom have her due : 70
So many Festivals, he made it clear,
And pious times, embarras'd all the Year.
For aged Husbands, that have youthful Wives,
The Calendar most notably contrives.
But such chill Methods horribly perplex
The youthful Motions of the softer Sex.

Judge you ; if his Partition of the Time,
Could other seem, than an imagin'd Whim.
Fridays, say he, are Days of strictest Fast ;
In which we are allow'd but small Repast : 80
Saturdays we must use no fleshly Deed ;
Because it does the *Sunday* just precede.
On *Sunday*, as a Day of strict Repose,
It were a Sin with wanton Thoughts to close.
For *Monday* ; who would so themselves unblest,
As to begin the Week with Wantonness ?
For th' other Days, he found some other Trick :
Business sometimes, and Friends, and being Sick.
But when the solemn Festivals drew nigh ;
Joy was triumphant then in *Richard's* Eye. 90
For long before, he spent in Abstinence ;
After, as long, in pious Reverence.
In *Ember Weeks*, he strictly did the same :
And, never fail'd, as oft as *Advent* came.
Lent, was his solemn Time of Ease and Rest ;
That rigid Fast, his highly welcom Feast.
The *Evangelists* were sacred in this Case ;
And each Apostle was distinct in Place :
With Martyrs, Doctors, Virgins, Confessors,
And private Patrons, he still fill'd his Years ; 100
Or if his Calendar fell short upon't ;
He never stood to make a Scruple on't,
But most unconscionably brings in view,
Patrons and Saints the Legend never knew.
And, as of all Excuses he was glad,
Would often to his endless Scruples add —
Old *Erra Pater*, times of Storm, and Rain,
And in the Dog-Days certainly abstain.

Thus

Thus hard then was the poor young Lady's Case.
Four times a Year, in short, of special Grace, 110
Our frugal Doctor entertain'd his Dear:
And that too, with no over-liberal Chear:
Great pity 'twas, a Lady, such as She,
Was thus debarr'd by Age's Penury.
In other things, she pass'd a happy Life:
For with his Wealth he sought to please his Wife.
Rich Jewels, change of various Habits, strove
To mitigate for vain Efforts in Love:
All he could lavish on her, with his Store,
Was freely done: she could not wish for more. 120
But these are Toys too trivial to move
The Minds of Women grown up fit for Love.
Girls, one may thus amuse, of childish Wit;
And only still to play with Babies fit.
But Women, full of Youth and warm Desire,
To solid Love most eagerly aspire.
On the Sea side our Doctor had a Seat;
Where they oft went, during the Summer's Heat,
T' enjoy in Quiet and Retirement there,
The Sea's vast Prospect, and the fresh cool Air. 130
In this sweet Place they often lay a-Nights,
Enjoying many pretty soft Delights;
Wherewith they strove to mitigate the Sense
Of absent Love, by sportive Innocence.
Here sometimes, to amuse and please 'em, they
Took little Boats, and so went off to Sea;
But seldom far; so to prevent the Harm,
Might happen from some unexpected Storm.
Diverting thus, with shooting Gulls and Mews;
And in the wondrous Ocean's ever-changing Views: 140

Now Fishing; and then Sailing up and down,
 T' observe the Coast, some Neighbouring Seat or Town.
 It happen'd, that one fair inviting Day,
 They both resolv'd to hasten out to Sea;
 And try their Luck at Fishing. Out they float;
 Richard in one, She in another Boat;
 With only each a Man or two to guide
 Their Boats with Oars or Sail, for Wind or Tide.
 That Day they had a Wager laid, whose Fish
 Should entertain them with the finest Dish.

150

A certain Pirate with his roving Crew,
 Having these little Shallops in his View,
 Pours, unexpectedly, on that wherein
 Fair *Bartholmé*, this Day embark'd had been:
 And having seiz'd it, made no longer stay;
 But with his Prize set Sail, and made to Sea.
 The Boat where *Richard* was, he left behind:
 Whether he fear'd the Veering of the Wind;
 Or would stand in no nearer to the Shore;
 And had determin'd, on which Boat before:
 Which having seiz'd; the seizing *Richard* too,
 Might spoil the Main of what he had in view.
 The lucky Pirate with his lovely Prize,
 Swift, as a Tiger from the Hunter flies.
 O'rejoy'd at this inestimable Prey;
 A Beauty shining in her Pride of *May*.
 For he, in admiration, had the Fair;
 And was a Man of Honor, tho' *Corfsair*.
 And as he Valiant was, and Fierce in Fight,
 He no less eagerly pursu'd Delight:
 Affecting Beauty with a Love and Pride,
 Superiour far to every thing beside.

160

170

Nothing

Nothing with this in Competition came ;
Not Plunder, Treasure, Victory, nor Fame.
In Love's soft Wars, he was a Man at Arms ;
And knew to rifle, as to prize, their Charms.
A true bred Tar ; just like his Brother Tars :
Equally bold in *Mars* and *Venus* Wars.
Such never need the help of Calendar,
T' excuse themselves towards an amorous Fair.
And such was *Pagamin* our brave *Corfsair*.

The Lady was at first in mighty Fears ;
Her beauteous Eyes still gushing into Tears.
A whole half-Day she thus in Grief appears.
Pagamin strives to comfort her : And she
At last resolves, she comforted will be.
He press'd, and won her. Well he knew his Trade.
Ladies ne'er yield to those that are afraid.
Love, subtile Love, had mingled in the Fray :
And she was Love's, more than the Pirate's Prey. 190
Ah ! penetrating Passion ! What can be,
In any Circumstance, secure from thee ?
The Fair, her Ransom carries in her Eyes :
And took the Taker, in his own Surprize.
In *Pagamin*, she found all Sorrow past,
His Calendar was Love's ; it knew no Fast.
Love was the Potent willing welcom Guest :
And mutual Loves on mutual Beauties feast.
Here Youth in Youth, and Love in Love, was crown'd ;
And all past Nonsense in Oblivion drown'd. 200
Our Man of Law this while had laid his Life,
That never Man had such a tender Wife :
So chaste, so faithful, constant to her Lord,
As to be lost in Grief until restor'd.

Nor

Nor doubted, but his Gold would soon restore
 His dearest Wife, as kind as heretofore.
 Secur'd by Pass; he boards the bold *Corfair*,
 In quest of his so lov'd lamented Fair.
 Bids, name the Ransom, and command the Sum.
 The Pirate tells him: "Sir, you are not come **210**
 " Into ill Hands, in your approaches here.
 " If I have Her, to whom you are so dear,
 " I will not sell the Blessing you desire;
 " But frankly give you, her whom you require.
 " If any here, desires with you to go;
 " I shall, by that, your just Pretensions know.
 " But, Sir, if nothing shall like that appear;
 " All things must then continue as they are.

Richard, all over-joy'd at this, replies;
 " Most Generous, Good Sir, you are, and Wise. **220**
 " Yet treat me not with Complements, I pray;
 " But frankly name the Ransom I must pay.
 " I'll freely give, to repossess my Honey,
 " With all my Heart, whatever Sum of Money.
 " To your brave Courage easily I yield;
 " But with your Kindness I dispute the Field.
 " As to the Lady; 'tis but just that she
 " Do in your Presence own her Love to me.
 " Her Kisses better than her Tongue will speak.
 " Heaven grant, with too much Joy she may not break **230**
 " Her tender Heart. Heaven grant it, Sir, replies
 The Tar: and strait commands; his lovely Prize
 Should be conducted in. Coldly she came,
 And unconcern'd: the Men were both in Flame.
 She looks on *Richard*, with a careless View;
 As if he were a Man she never knew.

Poor

" Poor bashful Girl, says he; her Modesty
 " Curbs in her Joy ; because in Company :
 " But had this Interview been made alone ;
 " Upon my Neck she instantly had flown. 140
 The Pirate, on Request, gives his Consent ;
 That *Richard* freely try th' Experiment.
 Commands, that all withdraw ; himself retires :
 Thus frankly granting *Quinzica's* Desires.
 Who, now alone with her, in gentle sort,
 With soothing Words, attempts his aukward Court.

" My dearest *Batty*, my enchanting Sweet,
 " Come to mine Arms, since once again we meet.
 " I am thy *Quinzica*. What means my Love ?
 " What chilling Fears, thus cold can make thee prove ? 250
 " I am the same, I ever was to thee ;
 " And so for ever to my *Batt* will be.
 " If any Change does in my Face appear ;
 " 'Tis only from my Grief, for thee, my Dear.
 " I ever held thee nearest to my Soul :
 " Lov'd not thy little Fancies to controul :
 " Took Pleasure to indulge thee every thing ;
 " That Joy, and Comfort, to thy Life might bring :
 " I never chid thee, 'cause thou didst not save :
 " Nor hindred thee, in what thou long'dst to have : 260
 " No Money spar'd, to have thee fine and gay ;
 " Nor stinted or deny'd thee Gold for Play.
 " Among these men thou art in Slavery :
 " But in my Arms thou were't a Queen and free.
 " Consider too thine Honour, my dear *Batt* ;
 " In such rude Hands, what can become of that ?

" That, which it can become ; (cries instantly
 And pertly, the disdainful *Bartholmé*.)

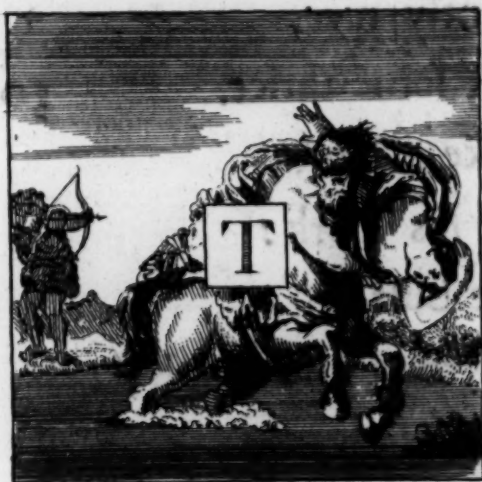
" Is this, Sir *Quinzica*, a proper time ;
 " T' object, endanger'd Honor as a Crime ? 270
 " Then, had the Season been for that ; when you,
 " Ripe for a Grave, chose rather to pursue
 " Th' unequal Marriage of a tender Maid.
 " Of your own Fame, had you been then afraid ;
 " As well you might ; there had been now no need,
 " Of your Advice ; that I my Honour heed.
 " You were improper for a Virgin's Bed.
 " Nor was it fit that I should have been wed,
 (" A blooming Virgin, and a wishing Maid,)
 " To one that was of Marriage Rites afraid. 280
 " Retire then Sir, I am no more your Wife.
 " With *Pagamin*, I lead a marry'd Life.
 " He preaches me no Calendar of Fasts :
 " But honestly allows me my Repasts.
 " Adieu, my *quondam* Husband. Now, no more
 " To me, than had we never met before.

Richard, amaz'd, took leave of the *Corfsair* :
 Abandoning his too abandon'd Fair.
 But Love and Grief so struggled in his Breast ;
 Death, in few Days, sign'd him — *Quietus est.* 290
 Fair *Bartholmé*, having thus lost her Fame ;
 And found the Pirate constant in his Flame ;
 Kept close to him ; belov'd, beyond his Life :
 And after *Richard's* Death, became his Wife.
 In which the Pirate shew'd a noble Heart.
 This Match was equal ; nor did ever part.
 This Lesson wisely may instruct the Gray :
 Unless their easie Temper can give way.
 For in such Case, in comes the Favourite ;
 Contents the Dame, and hornifies the Knight. 300

The



The C O B L E R.



RANSLATING Dick, an
honest merry Fellow;
Sober till Noon; from thence, till
Mid-night, mellow;
Who with his Pipe and Pot
patch'd up his Life;
Had got a young and very hand-
som Wife.

Tho' mean, yet liv'd they lovingly together:
Their Wants not raising any stormy Weather.
The honest People, tho', who were but poor,
Were hard put to't to keep the Wolf from Door.
It happen'd on a time, when Bread was dear,
And Leather scarce; says Dick, with heavy Cheer — 10
“What shall we do, my Jenny, mine own Honey;
“Or which way turn us for a little Money?

“What

“ What if I ask my wealthy Neighbour *Stitch* ?

“ For he’s good-natur’d too, as well as rich.

They ask. And *Stitch* is presently content ;

And on the *Cobler’s* Note, the Money’s lent.

The Note comes due ; *Stitch* presses to be paid :

And will at last no longer be delaid.

Duns *Jenny* close and hard : but tells her yet —

For you know what, he will forgive the Debt. 20

Jenny takes time to think on’t. Tells it *Dick*.

“ Faith, Girl, faith he, we must this Whipster nick.

“ Get back my Note, and never pay the Money :

“ Yet keep this lickrish Wasp out of thy Honey.

“ Go, prithee Wench ; and tell him, I’m from Home ;

“ And if he pleases, he may safely come.

“ I’ll hide me close. You, when he’s buckling to’t,

“ E’re he begins, be sure get up my Note.

“ Then, as if yielding, and yet gently nice,

“ To give me notice, cough aloud, some thrice. 30

“ Then from my Hole I’ll sally like a *Turk* ;

“ And seize my Gamester ready for his Work :

“ If he resist, and think to stand me buff ;

“ Out comes my try’d Strappado, strong and tough ;

“ With that, I warrant thee, I cool his Itch ;

“ And turn the rampant to a flimsy *Stitch*.

“ What say’st thou, Girl ? *Jenny* applauds the Trick:

And celebrates the Craft of subtle *Dick*.

The Plot thus laid, was executed strait :

To *Dick’s* triumphant, *Stitch’s* wretched Fate. 40

Dick gets his Note up : *Stitch* sustains the Loss ;

And silently returns, by weeping Crops:

The merry *Cobler*, over-joy’d to think

Of his Success, mingles his Joy with Drink ;

And

And in his Ale, blunders the whole Affair ;
Nor minds my Neighbour *Stitch* at all to spare.
Stitch, banter'd by each Gossip up and down,
Becomes the common Jest of all the Town.

A bluff Church-warden, says one day to *Jenny*—

“Faith, Girl, ’amongst Friends, thou wert a childish
Ninny,

“ To cough at all, before the Feat was done :

“ Fail not next time : and wisely hold your Tongue.

" But after all, Child, didn't thou not do so ?

"For 'twas the way to please all three, you know.

" Ah, Sir, says *Jenny*, think you that in me,

"As much Wit, as your Ladies have, can be.

(Note, two fine Madams more, beside his Wife,

Stood by) " I could not think on't for my Life.

“ Doubtless, your Wife, for you, thus plays the Trick :

"But foolish I, ne'er thought it for my *Dick*.

And in his Ale, blunders the whole
Not minds my Neighbor's mind as all to
Stand, parted by each Gossip up and down,
Becomes the common Jell of all the Town.
A blind Church-warden, by one day to
" Faith, Girl, amongst Friends, thou wert a child
Nanny,
" To cough at all, before the Father's door;
" Fall not next time: and wisely hold your Tongue.
" But after all, Child, didst thou not do so?
" For 'twas the way to please all three, you know.
" Ah, Sir, say I, think you're in me,
" As much Woe as your Father's have, and he
(There, two the Mother more, but he
Stood by) " I could not think and say
" Doobler, your Wife, for your husband's sake,
" But loobler I, next thought, for his sake.



The CUDGELL'D CUCKOLD
nicely pleas'd.



Sportful, spritely Youth, quite
tir'd of Rome,
And ne'er the better for't, was
sauntring Home:
But sparkling Wine, and Wo-
men young and gay,
Where e're he met 'em, still ob-
struct his way.

It chanc'd one Day, as rambling up and down,
Where he had baited in a handsom Town,
There pass'd him by a Lady, young and fair,
Richly attir'd, and of a graceful Air:
He follows her; and with an eager Care,
Informs himself of all relates to her.

10

She

She is, they tell him, the whole Joy and Life
Of their Town's Lord, his dearly cherish'd Wife.
Unequal Match! She in her Pride of May:
He old, a scarcely animated Clay:
But large Possessions are his Age's Cloak:
And flowing Riches guild the lumpish Yoke.
This known, adds Fuel to his kindling Fires;
And fans delightfully his wild Desires.
Thus he contrives, and acts. Without delay,
His Equipage and Servants, sends away. 20
Then to the Lady's Mansion in Disguise
He hasts away, and to her Lord applies,
Like a mean Fellow, yet with winning Meen,
And fair Address, to be employ'd within.
What can he do? Why, any thing: nay, all
That can within a Servant's Province fall.
The Husband likes. Consults the Wife; and she
Approves the Choice. Thus soon they all agree.
With one Consent, he is the Falkner made.
Pretends to that; intends another Trade. 30
The Falkner had not long been in his Place,
E'er he stood fair in the young Lady's Grace.
This he discern'd; and hasten'd to declare
His glowing Passion to the wishing Fair.
No small step, this: For the old doating Lord,
Fond of his Spouse, can scarce himself afford
A few short Moments absence from the Place,
Where he might wondring gaze upon her Face.
Long sought, in vain, our Lovers have; to find
Some lucky Moments to their Passion kind; 40

By

By both alike desir'd : for the young Dame,
In Smiles and Blushes, own'd her equal Flame.
No Opportunity gave the Hawking for't ;
Because the Falkner, still, attends the Sport :
Who, left at home, could with a better Grace,
Have serv'd the Mistress ; in the Master's place.
What's to be done to ease this amorous Pain ?
Oft had our eager Youth revolv'd in vain:
When Love, assisted by the Woman's Wit,
Steps in at last : and thus she manag'd it. 50
As with her Husband she discours'd one Night,—

“ Pray, tell me, Love, says she, in whom you might,
“ Of all your People, place your greatest Trust.
“ The Falkner, he replys, not only Just,
“ I've always found ; but of so ready Sense ;
“ In him I'd chuse to place my Confidence.
“ See, your Mistake : says the designing Fair.
“ He's quite unworthy of your Love or Care.
“ For, would one think it, the presuming Youth,
“ Unjust to you ; forgetful of the Truth 60
“ I owe to thy dear Love ; has, divers times,
“ Try'd to intice me into amorous Crimes.
“ So bold an Insolence, from such as he,
“ Gave me the Vapours to the last degree.
“ Yet to prevent ill Rumours up and down ;
“ And keep us from the Nonsense of the Town ;
“ I check'd my Rage ; and thought it would appear,
“ More tender of the Honour of my Dear ;
“ Silent and Hush, to keep the Matter still :
“ And seem at length to hearken to his Will. 70

" That so the Fault might in its naked view,
 " And, past denial, be expos'd to you.
 " This very Night; to you, surprizing News!
 " Under the Pear-Tree is our Rendezvous.

At this the Husband grew to such a Rage,
 As all her flatt'ring Words could scarce assuage.

" Reserve, my Dear, your Anger till anon:
 " Then pour it freely on your guilty Man;
 " Whom, to the Garden going in my place,
 " With Oaken-Plant you fairly may belace. 89
 " Going by Night; and habited like me;
 " Under the spreading Branches of the Tree,
 " You'll find the Youth; who, cheated by the Dress,
 " Will his bold Faults to your own Ears confess.
 " Then with your Cudgel, well laid on his Back,
 " Instruct him, Wives of Honour to attack.

Away, at th' Hour, the good old Dotard hies;
 Attends his Cue, and diligently plies.
 There knocks his Heels, impatient, and in Pain,
 Shiv'ring half dead with Cold, waits long in vain; 90
 For when the eager Youth had fixt him there;
 He flies like Lightning to th' expecting Fair.
 What pass'd between our Lovers thus alone:
 One may well guess, can be to few unknown.
 Yet Modesty forbids to name the Sweets,
 Love reaps from beauteous Nymphs between the Sheets.
 But from this Sacrifice to Cupid's Fire;
 Regard to Honour, makes him soon retire.
 Thence, to the Tree, unwillingly he hasts;
 Where the poor Cuckold all his Patience wafts. 100

" Ah!

" Ah! wicked Woman! cries th' instructed Youth;
 " Can you abandon thus, the Faith and Truth
 " You owe to my good Lord? At least, in me
 " He ne'r shall find such Infidelity.
 " I meant no more, but an attempt in Jest;
 " To try, if Vertue govern'd in your Breast.
 " But finding none; —this Cudgel shall bestow,
 " The just Reward belongs to such as you.
 Then lays him thick unmercifully on.
 With Tears of Joy back hies the poor old Man. 110
 The Youth pursues; and cries, at every Blow,
 " My Master also shall your fine Tricks know.

Got back to Bed; the Husband, with Surprize,
 Extols the Falkner to the very Skies.
 The Cudgel, had the Cuckold nicely pleas'd:
 And, by his batter'd Bones, his Mind was eas'd.
 With fine deluding Art; the subtile She,
 Admir'd what pass'd; and rais'd the Extasie.

Thus; an unequal tye, of Age and Youth,
 Breaks through the feeble Fence of Faith and Truth. 120

F I N I S.

17th March 1844

My dear Mr. M.
I have just received your letter of the 14th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well. I am
very much interested in the
progress of your work. I hope
to hear from you again soon.
Yours truly,
J. M. M.



Get back to the library, the
books are all there. I have
just received the books from
the library and they are all
in good order. I have also
received the books from the
library and they are all in
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1844

